DARK HORSE COMICS
one-shot
$3.99
CRIMINAL MACABRE™
THE GOON™
WHEN FREAKS COLLIDE
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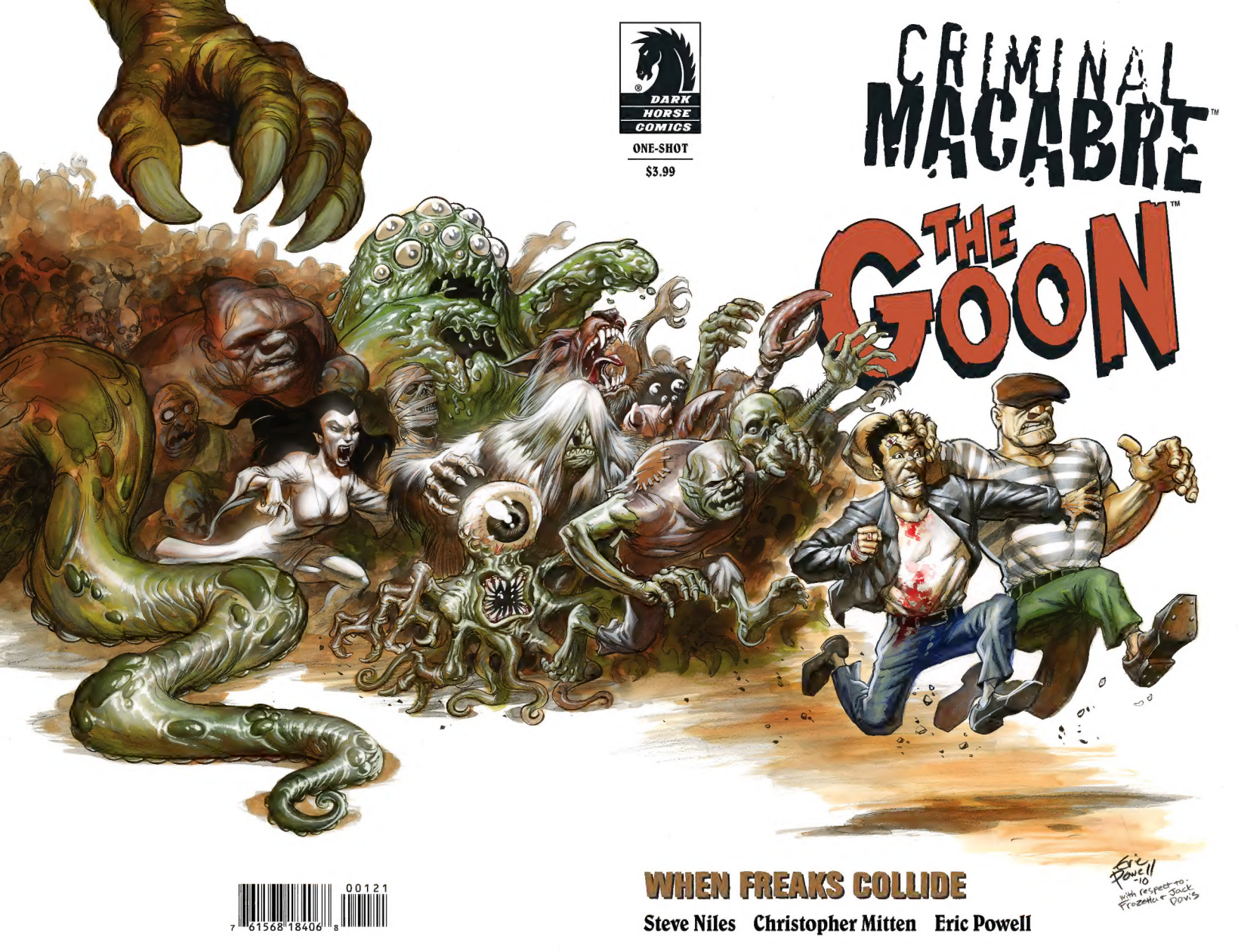
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Steve Niles Christopher Mitten Eric Powell
Eric Powell '10 with respect to Jack Frazetta & Jack Davis
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when freaks collide

Story Steve Niles
Farts and Negativity Eric Powell
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THE GOON
Created by Eric Powell
The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear the Goon. After the notorious Labrazio robbed the Goon of the only person he loved, his revenge formed the foundation of a life of crime. Backed up by the foulmouthed Franky, Goon defends Lonely Street from the Zombie Priest's undead hordes.

CRIMINAL MACABRE
Created by Steve Niles
Cal McDonald saw his first dead body when he was eight years old—setting the tone for the rest of his life. A pill-popping, alcoholic degenerate, teamed up with his ghoul associate Mo'Lock, Cal spirals around the sin-infested streets of Los Angeles in his possessed Chevy Nova against a growing horde of monsters. Losing one friend after another to his cases, Cal is slowly being pushed over the edge. A looming war between man and monster is coming, and Cal and his army of the undead are ready to blast every single werewolf, demon, occultist, and vampire back to hell!

SINCE 1999
ZOMBIES PROVIDED BY JETHRO AND EARL ZOMBIE WRANGLERIN' INC.
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DarkHorse.com

CRIMSON BAY, CHICAGO-ISH.
THEY DESTROYED THE ENTIRE SHIPMENT.
THIS HAS TO STOP.
ANTON IS NOT GOING TO BE HAPPY ABOUT THIS.
YOU THINK THIS'LL MAKE LUCKY MAD...
...WAIT TILL HE FINDS OUT FIVE OF HIS MEN GOT THEMSELVES OFFED.
YOU KNOW BETTER, BERNIE. GUNS? REALLY? AND I'M GUESSING YOU HAVE WOODEN BULLETS IN THERE TOO, RIGHT?
WOOD IS FOR SUCKERS. THESE BABIES GOT TIPS FILLED WITH CONCENTRATED ULTRAVIOLET RADIATION.
YOU GOT A BIG SURPRISE COMING.
PFFT. BYE-BYE, BOYS.
BADDA-BADDA-BADDA
BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.
SMASH
THE BLACK CAT
OKAY, MO'LOCK... LET'S WRAP THIS UP.
YOU ARE TOO CONFIDENT, CAL MCDONALD.
NOT REALLY. I JUST CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER SECOND OF YOUR STINK. MY NOSTRILS ARE LITERALLY BURNING.
YOU WILL RUE THE DAY THAT YOU MOCKED ME AND--
TALKING LIKE THAT JUST MAKES ME WANT TO KILL YOU TWICE.

WACK
SPLAT
BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM
CAL, ARE YOU OKAY?
NOTHING A SHOWER, BEER, AND BONG HIT WON'T FIX.

DON'T CALL THE COPS. THESE FREAKS WILL DRY UP IN ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES. JUST PUT THE HUNKS INTO GARBAGE BAGS AND CHUCK 'EM IN THE DUMPSTER.
SURE. OKAY, CAL. THANKS.
EXIT
I OWE YOU BIG.
I'LL BILL YOU.
HOW ABOUT I TAKE IT OFF YOUR TAB?
OKAY, FINE. WHATEVER.
WHERE'S SPIVEY?
HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW--THAT CAR'S ALWAYS RUNNING OFF.
THERE HE IS. SPIVEY! YO! GET OVER HERE!
WHAT?
CAL!
LOOK DOWN.
SON-OF-A--!

I REALLY THOUGHT THE NEW BULLETS WOULD GIVE US THE EDGE FOR A LITTLE LONGER THAN A FEW HOURS, BOYS.
YEAH, WE KNOW, BOSS, BUT THEM BLOODSUCKERS MUSTA ALREADY HAD THIS THING UP THEIR SLEEVES BEFORE WE WHACKED 'EM.
THEY GOT THIS MAGIC WHOZITS GUY, LUCKY, AND THEY SAID THEY'RE GONNA SUMMON THE WORLD'S GREATEST MONSTER HUNTER TO COME AN' WIPE US OUT.
OH YEAH...WELL, THEM BLOOD-DRINKING PANSIES AREN'T THE ONLY GUYS WHAT GOT ACCESS TO BLACK MAGIC. ALL WE GOTTA DO IS MOVE FASTER THAN THEM AND WE NAB THE WORLD'S GREATEST MONSTER HUNTER AND WIPE *THEM* OUT.
GET ME *DAMIEN CROSS*.
AND, BOYS, BY MOVE FAST, I DON'T MEAN STANDING THERE WITH YOUR JAWS HANGIN' SLACK. I MEAN--
GET MOVING!

Norton's PUB
DON'T MAKE SENSE, GOON. THEY AIN'T NEVER CLOSED.
MAYBE IT'S A HOLIDAY.
WHAT? THEY MADE UP A HOLIDAY AND DIDN'T TELL US?
MAYBE SOMEBODY'S BIRTHDAY. NOBODY WANTS YOU AROUND AFTER NAYDELLE'S PARTY. SCRAPIN' CAKE AND TWO-THIRDS OF A HOG OFF THE CEILING AIN'T NO WAY TO SPEND A BIRTHDAY.
Norton's PUB
I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD BE SO CALM ABOUT THIS!
I'M NOT CALM. I'M BORED. LET'S GO SMASH SOMETHIN' WITH A PIPE.
STUDEBAKERS. LET'S GO SMASH SOME STUDEBAKERS.
OKAY. BUT IT WOULD BE MORE FUN IF WE WAS DRUNK.
HOLY CRUD, GOON, LOOK!
IT'S ONE OF THEM CIRCUS DOGS WHAT WALKS ON TWO LEGS!

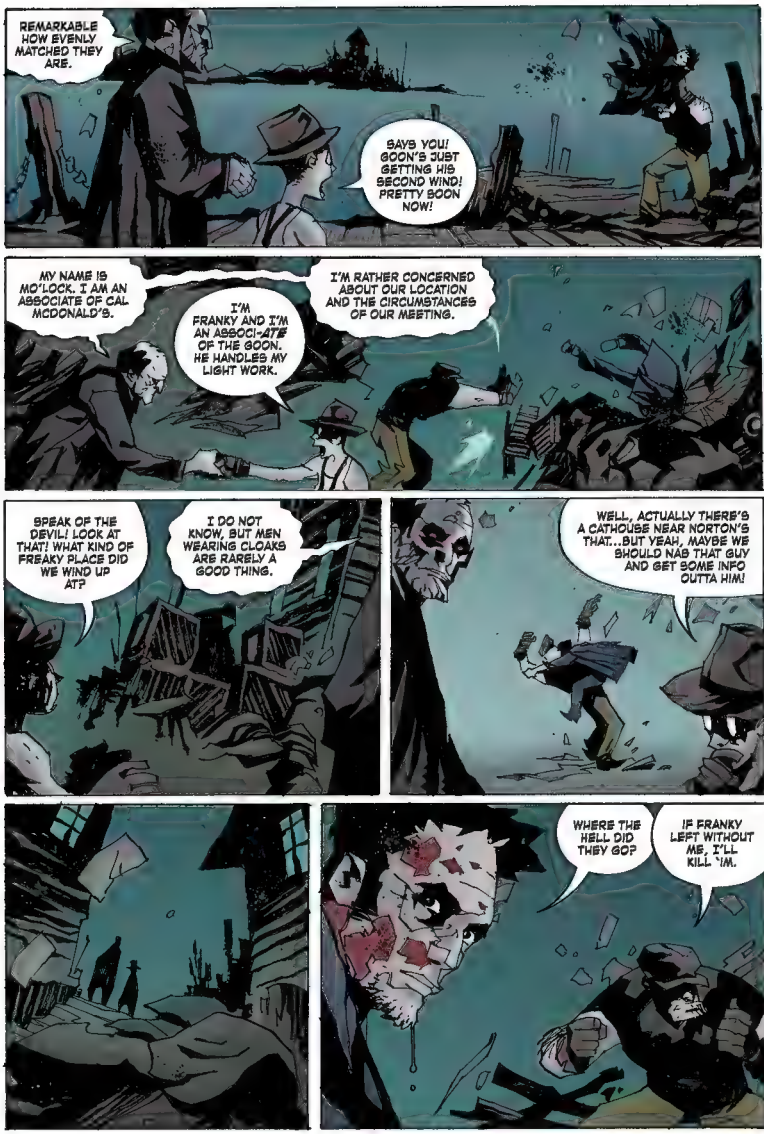
THAT'S A WEREWOLF, IDIOT! LET'S SMASH HIM WITH A PIPE!
HERE, BOY!
COME HERE, BOY!
WE GOT A TREAT FOR YOU!
GOTCHA!
WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE.
HUH?
BUT THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR THE ASSISTANCE.
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

MY NAME'S BERNIE. WE'RE NOT REALLY FROM AROUND HERE, BUT WE HAD TO TRACK DOWN THIS ONE LAST WEREWOLF, MR. GOON.
YOU KNOW ME? I DON'T KNOW YOU!
BY REPUTATION ONLY.
NOT TO OVERSTEP BOUNDS AND WHATNOT. WE MAY HAVE THE WEREWOLF PROBLEM LICKED, BUT WE STILL GOT A MAJOR VAMPIRE PROBLEM BACK HOME, AND SURE COULD USE SOME HELP FROM A GUY LIKE YOU.
BACK HOME, HUH? I GOT MY HANDS FULL HERE, BUDDY. I GOT SLACK-JAWS AND THIS UNDEAD OLD--
I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS CASH.
WE COULD BUY A BRAND NEW STUDEBAKER TO SMASH WITH THAT KINDA MONEY!
SO WHERE'S BACK HOME?
DIS WAY, PLEASE.
THESE VAMPIRES OF YOURS, DO THEY WEAR FRILLY PIRATE SHIRTS AND EYE MAKEUP?
CHRIST, NO.
HUH, GUESS YOU GOT A HIGHER STANDARD OF VAMPIRE WHERE YOU'RE FROM.
I THINK WE'LL ALL GET ALONG FINE, GOON. JUST FINE.
DON'T TOUCH ME.
SERIOUSLY.

I DO NOT TRUST THESE MEN, CAL.
I TRUST THE TEN G'S THEY'RE GIVING ME TO KILL SOME DOG-BOYS. THAT'S ALL I TRUST.
THEY JUST GRABBED US IN A MAGIC CIRCLE. DOES THAT NOT RAISE ALARM? WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE WE ARE.
LOOKS LIKE CHICAGO TO ME.
THIS IS LIKE NO CHICAGO I'VE EVER SEEN.
WHAT KIND OF CAR IS THAT?
I DUNNO... A 1948 CHEVY MILLENNIUM FALCON?
AND THE MEN WHO HIRED YOU, DID YOU NOT FIND THEIR MANNER STRANGE?
YEAH, BUT I DIDN'T GET ANY KIND OF SUPERNATURAL VIBE OFF THEM, DID YOU?
NO. I GOT NO READINGS FROM THEM WHATSOEVER, AND THAT IS WHY I AM CONCERNED. I CANNOT PLACE IT, BUT THERE IS SOMETHING ALIEN ABOUT THEM.
THERE! WHAT'S *THAT?*
IF I HAD TO GUESS, DOG DROPPINGS.
YES, BUT MAYBE WEREWOLF DROPPINGS. THOSE THINGS WILL GO ***ANYWHERE.***
EXCUSE ME.
WHAT?

FELLAS PAYIN' ME SAID I MIGHT RUN INTO SOMEBODY LIKE YOU.
HEY MO, CHECK IT, THE LITTLE RASCALS DID STEROIDS LIKE CARROT TOP.
BANG
PING
NOBODY TALKS BABS ABOUT THE "OUR GANG" COMEDIES OF HAL ROACH!!
PONG
CRUNCH

GOT ANYTHING ELSE TO SAY ABOUT SPANKY McFARLAND AND LITTLE SCOTTY?
NUH.
GUH!
KRAK
THAT'S ALL I HAVE TO SAY.


REMARKABLE HOW EVENLY MATCHED THEY ARE.
SAYS YOU! GOON'S JUST GETTING HIS SECOND WIND! PRETTY SOON NOW!
MY NAME IS MO'LOCK. I AM AN ASSOCIATE OF CAL MCDONALD'S.
I'M FRANKY AND I'M AN ASSOCI-ATE OF THE GOON. HE HANDLES MY LIGHT WORK.
I'M RATHER CONCERNED ABOUT OUR LOCATION AND THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF OUR MEETING.
SPEAK OF THE DEVIL! LOOK AT THAT! WHAT KIND OF FREAKY PLACE DID WE WIND UP AT?
I DO NOT KNOW, BUT MEN WEARING CLOAKS ARE RARELY A GOOD THING.
WELL, ACTUALLY THERE'S A CATHOUSE NEAR NORTON'S THAT...BUT YEAH, MAYBE WE SHOULD NAB THAT GUY AND GET SOME INFO OUTTA HIM!
WHERE THE HELL DID THEY GO?
IF FRANKY LEFT WITHOUT ME, I'LL KILL 'IM.

WAIT A DAMN SECOND.
HOW MUCH DID THEY PAY YOU?
SON-OF-A--! THEY DUPED US!
HIRED ME TO KILL BLOODSUCKERS.
PAID ME TEN G'S.
WEREWOLVES.
YEAH... ME TOO.

ACK!
WE'D LIKE TO HAVE A WORD!
WE WON'T TAKE BUT A MOMENT OF YOUR TIME.
HEY...UH, DEAD GUY. WE'RE NOT HOME, ARE WE?
WE MOST CERTAINLY ARE NOT.
YOU'RE BEHIND ALL THIS, AREN'T YOU, YOU LITTLE PUNK?! START SQUAWKING OR SO HELP ME THESE BOYS ARE GONNA MAKE A HOME IN YOUR EYEBALLS!
TELL US WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW.
I JUST WOKE UP HERE AND FOUND THIS BOOK AND STARTED THINKING. THAT'S ALL. HONEST. AND, WELL, ONCE I GOT TO THINKING, AND STUFF STARTED COMING TRUE, I STARTED TO LIKE IT HERE.
IT'S SOME SORT OF INNER-DIMENSIONAL, ALTERNATE-REALITY, CHUNK OF PLANETOID THAT CREATES WHATEVER THIS GUY DREAMS UP.
INDEED.
YOU CAN DO ANYTHING HERE. IT'S AMAZING. THINK IT AND BANG, THERE IT IS! I LIKE MONSTERS AND, AND NOBODY TELLS ME WHAT TO DO AND, AND THESE GUYS BUY INTO ALL THIS MAGIC CRAP BECAUSE I THINK IT. IT'S WIN-WIN FOR ALL OF US!

SHOVE
HEY, I'M FLOATING.
POP
WE PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE ASKED HIM HOW THIS THING WORKED BEFORE WE SHOVED HIM OFF THE PLANET.
YES, THIS IS OCCURRING TO ME NOW AS WELL.
SLAM

THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY.
MINE TOO.
LET'S GET READY.
NOW WE HAVE A FIGHT.
LET'S SHOW THESE FREAKS WHAT REAL VIOLENCE IS.
THIS ISN'T TOO BAD, REALLY.
I WAS EXPECTING MUCH WORSE. WE CAN TAKE 'EM AND HAVE TIME FOR A BEER.
SORRY, BOYS. THE OTHER RESIDENTS OF THIS PLACE AREN'T AS, LET'S SAY, SOCIALIZED AS WE ARE.
AND THEY AREN'T NEARLY AS PUNCTUAL.

THIS IS A LOT MORE THAN I EXPECTED.
YEP. ME TOO.
I PRETTY MUCH ONLY HAVE ONE OUT IN THESE SITUATIONS...NOT THAT I'VE EVER BEEN IN THIS ONE, BUT...
FIGHT UNTIL EVERYTHING'S DEAD?
YEAH, PRETTY MUCH.
AHHHHH!
BLAM
BOOM
CRUNCH
SNAP

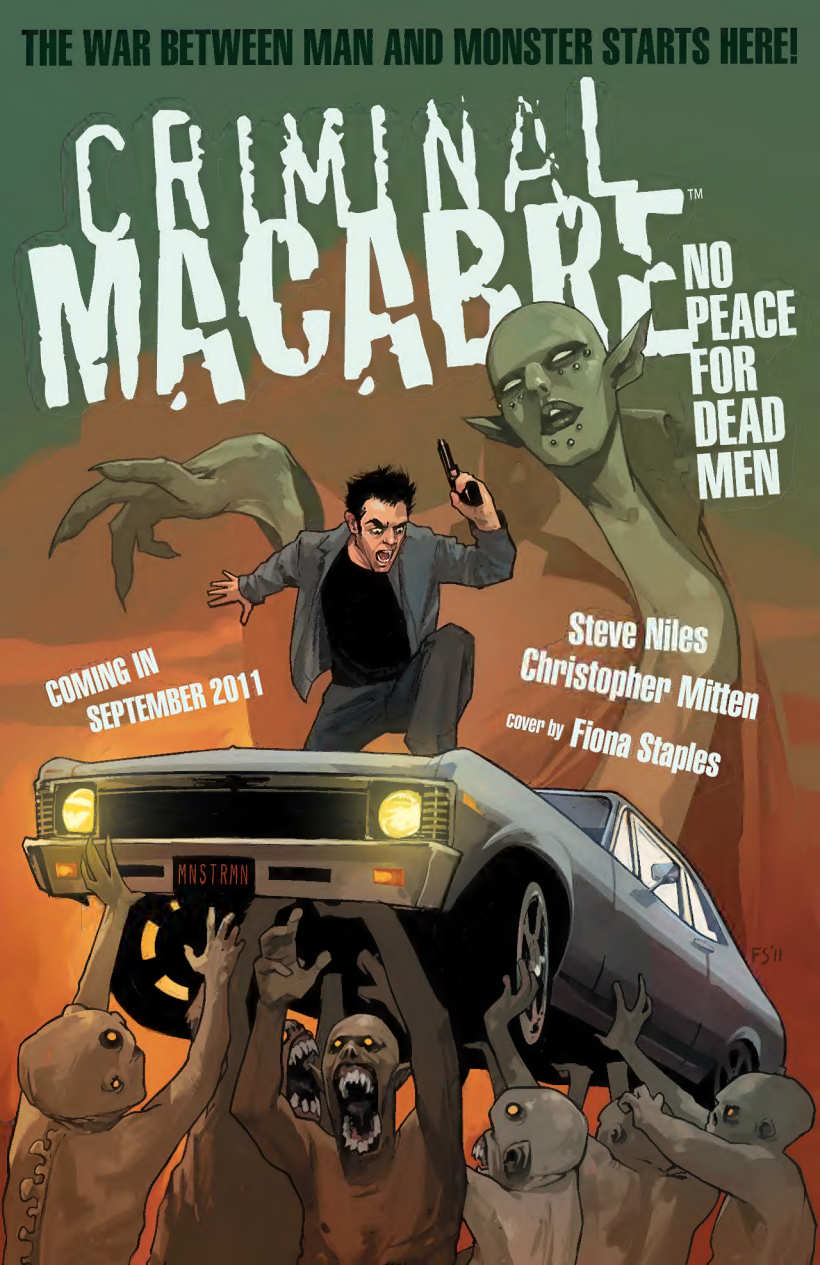
OKAY, HEAR ME OUT. MAYBE WE JUST DESTROY IT.
THAT COULD YIELD ONE OF MANY RESULTS, THE TWO MOST PROBABLE BEING...IF THE BOOK IS DESTROYED ALL THAT IT HAS SPAWNED WILL DISAPPEAR--
--OR WE LOCK THE CURSES IT'S SPEWED INTO THE WORLD FOREVER AND WE'RE TRAPPED HERE.
YES. THAT WAS THE OTHER.
STUPID BOOK.
GOT AN EXTRA GUN?
GIMME A SECOND!
THANKS.
SLAP

BLAM
BOOM
HEY, PAL...
BOOOM
LOOK OUT!

I'M EMPTY.
I'D SAY WITH THE GIANT FREAK DOWN, AND WHAT HE CRUSHED... WE'RE DOWN TO WHAT, HALF?
THIS WOULD BE A LOT EASIER WITH A LITTLE HELP.
YEAH, WHERE'S THAT GHOUL AND YOUR BUDDY?
WELL, WE CAN'T READ THE THING!

I SAY DESTROY IT.
KRIP
BANG BANG BANG
HEY! IT WORKED. I KNEW IT WOULD.
WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN?
YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT WE'VE BEEN DEALING WITH HERE?
WELL, SAY SOMETHING.
HEY, IDIOTS.
?

HELLBOY.
WHERE AM I AND HOW THE HELL DID I GET HERE?
I'VE GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE OF MY OWN THESE DAYS WITHOUT HAVING TO DEAL WITH THIS KIND OF CRAP.
AND WHO THE HELL ARE YOU GUYS?
THE END?


THE WAR BETWEEN MAN AND MONSTER STARTS HERE!
CRIMINAL MACABRE™
NO PEACE FOR DEAD MEN
COMING IN SEPTEMBER 2011
Steve Niles
Christopher Mitten
cover by Fiona Staples
MNSTRMN
FS'11

PINUP BY BEN TEMPLESMITH